The Usurper and the Industrial Association Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. Panis, February, 1852.

The most weighty argument of your despot is the cannon-ball, and his sharpest logic the end of the bayonet! This truth strikingly shown in the course of Louis Napoleon's curious administration. I do not refer to his original method of answering the debates of the Legislative Assembly, nor to the peculiarly forcible manner in which he convinces the restless shopkeepers of the Boulevards, whose fine houses still bear the marks of his novel application of the argumentum ad hominem; but I refer to a silent admonition he is giving of the futility and ill-success of the doctrine of

Industrial Association. You will remember that during the year 1849, after the new Government was well installed, the working people of Paris took into their head, that they could conduct their trades for them selves, without the intervention of employers and that the profits which had formerly gone to the capitalists might be put into their own pock ets. It was a simple idea, easily applied and easily tested, and they supposed that no great harm, beyond a temporary loss of their labors could result from it. Well, they set to work and, one after another, different trades were or ganized on the basis of mutual protection and interest.

It is said that within the course of the last two years, nearly two hundred of these associations were formed. They drew up their articles of agreement, chose their places of business, elected their managers, and went into practical operation. Some of them failed, of course, either from want of means to begin well, or from some fundamental defect in their constitutions; others for a long time, had a precarious and uncertain existence, and gave little solid satisfaction to their members. But the greater part, over. coming the temporary embarrassments inevitably incident to new enterprises, were either tolerably or highly successful. Some of them made money rapidly, and at the end of every quarter, enlarged their operations. The masons and the cooks, in particular, were very successful, and bade fair by their example, to recommend the new system to all other trades and professions.

But the present government, it seems, is dis posed to look at the matter in an entirely differ, ent light, and under a pretense that these asso. ciations are measures of Socialism, and that they mislend the working classes from their true and proper interests, is silently laboring to effect their dissolution. They are not important or conspicuous enough to demand a formal decreeas was the case in the confiscation of the Or. leans property, but the gardes de force go about quietly taking down their signs, advising them to disperse, and to look up some other kind of business. It is true, that this is a terrible disaster to the working men themselves, who have made snug livings in their vocation, but what are the interests of a few thousands of laborers compared with the policy of the great government of the Prince President !

You will say that such conduct is very arbatrary, very tyrannical, very abusive of power, very insulting to the intelligence of the people and very outrageous of their rights, but it is only of a piece with other acts of this Republic, and why not them? Allow the new Legislators the ment of consistency, if you will grant them nothing else. They began by the most andacious act of usurpation and robbery, and there is therefore a necessity that they should go on in the same course. Despotism must be true to its own sature and cause. If these associations were allowed to stand, they would become perpetual protests against the old order of things and ceaseless propagation of discontent. Louis Napoleon in suppressing them is faithful to the instincts of his kind, and readily discerns his friends and his enemies.

What, however, is one man's poison is another man's meat, and this breaking up of the industrial associations, while it will injure France will do the United States good. A meeting lately held by the operatives, who are thrown sat of employ, resulted in a proposal that as many as could should emigrate. It was generally approved of, and there has since sprung up a decided movement in that direction. Brazil and Canada are talked of by some as proper places of colonization, but the greater part will prefer the United States. Already about six hundred men are at Brussels, preparing to de. part for New-York, and it is estimated that before spring, some two thousand others will foll low them.

A better class could not go to the New World They are for the most part intelligent, industrious, and peaceful men of families, skilled in many of the highest branches of practical art, and prepared to give to the workmanship of our various New-York establishments the finish and elegance for which the French, are so well known. Whether they erect manufactories of their own or go into the employ of others, they will be valuable acquisitions to the industry o the couptry. Indeed, it seems to me that it would be no bad speculation for some of our capitalists to send out here for one or more of these associations of workmen, and transplant them to New-York. They are capital mechanics and by the economies of the associative method of labor, would be enabled to secure extensive business and large profits.

This disposition on the part of the people to emigrate, is a sad commentary on the political state of France. No nation is so attached to its soil and habits as the French. Fewer of them go away to other countries than of any other people. They are tenacious, even to fanaticism. of whatever concerns their country, and many of them would rather starve by slow degrees in France, than live decently elsewhere. But the events of the last few months have broken the charm. Large numbers of men now talk of striking their tents, and I should not be surpassed to see, within a few years, unless matters mend very much, as large an emigration to America from France, as now goes from Germany. The distress in the agricultural districts, the uncertainty of labor in the towns, and the utter incapacity of the political leaders to handle the social question, will drive many to despair of all improvement at home, and force them to look abroad for hope.

Perhaps the conservatives intend this result and expect to get rid thus of a great many unquiet spirits; if they do, they look at the ques tion superficially : for no matter how many they remove, there will always be enough left in France to give them trouble. Revolutionism does not originate with this man or that, but is a permanent chronic disease of the whole European system. As long as the horrible iniquities and wrongs of existing social relations are main tained, so long there will be thousands upon thousands of poor desperate wretches ready to resort to the extremities of vengeance, and millions upon millions clamorous for reform and change. Why do not the better cort of the aristocracy see this truth ! By what fatal influence

of education or selfishness is it that they are binded to facts directly under their eyes? For sixty years past Europe has been in incessant perturbation; not a single government would be secure for ten days without the aid of a large standing army. The most stringent and searching laws are enforced against all kinds of political discussion, and yet those who uphold the infernal scheme insist that the people would be perfectly contented with their lot, if it was not or the "Socialists" and agitators. This logic s about as wretched as their political morality. We are told, too, that the people have no de-

sire for republicanism; yet it is a singular commentary on that assertion, that Louis Napoleon, with all his power, dare not infringe the principle of universal suffrage. In the case of his own election, and now again in the decree just issued constituting the electoral system for the Legis. lative Body, every man in France was made a voter. Why was this? Why is a man with five hundred thousand armed troops at his command forced to make this concession ! Simply because he knows perfectly well that the French are at heart republicans, and that if he should invade their right of franchise, he could not retain his power a week. They would put up with his dispersion of the Legislative Assembly, of whose petty and selfish wranglings they had got tiredthey rejoice rather in the confiscation of the overgrown estates of the Orleans family-but they will not be denied the suffrage. In this, one finds a redeeming trait for the past, and a hope for the fature

The News of Paris. Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

Panis, Thursday, Feb. 12, 1852.

Never, in the memory of man, has Paris been so dull. Never has there been such a dearth of fact, and even rumor. I have seriously debated the question whether I would not spend the day in skating in the artificial pend at the Jardin d'Hiver, rather than in composing a tedious chronicle of our seven days' labors. Ten years ago the pond and the skaters would have most certainly carried the day; and playing truant would. I can conceive, even at this late period, retain something of the zest it used to have when the rule of three and the objective case seemed an especial invention of the archenemy of school boys. After a hard battle with a pretty serious inclination to omit you for a week, I send you this letter as witness of the triumph of a sturdy conscientiousness over a desperate itching to steal a holiday and cut my initials on the ice. I'll sign them on this sheet of paper, instead. B. is a hard letter to make with skates. but it can easily be done with a pen.

I think that I have never yet alluded to Paris fashions, and this has been because I hardly believed that any such allusions would reach the eyes of that portion of the creation for whom fashions were invented. But the President has prescribed a court costume for the Councillors and the Senators, and the Moniteur has acquainted the public with the fact. So that I depart, for once, from a long-established prac. tice. The Senators are to wear a dark-blue vel vet coat, ornamented with gold embroidery, representing branches of oak and palm interpaced-the ribs or arms of the leaves to be made of gold spangles. The Counciliors are to sport a coat of light-blue broadcloth, single-breasted, and to be worn buttoned, with nine gilt buttons; a white single-breasted waistcoat with five gilt buttons: white cassimere pantaloons, with gold braid upon the seam. The embroidery upon the coat will represent oak leaves mingled with an olive-branch. Certain slight variations of the embroidery distinguish the Vice-President and the Presidents of the Sections. The hat is to be of black felt, ornamented with gold cord and black velvet. The plumes are to be white for the Vice-President and the Presidents of the Sections, and black for the members. The sword is to be straight, and the hilt, gilt. This is to be the state costume, worn on all occasions of ceremony : the undress consists of the coat just described, and black waistcoat and pantacons, without ornament of any kind. The inauguration of the Senate and Council of State will be attended with vast and imposing ceremonials. Dr. Veron, the editor of the Constitu tionnel, had intended to play a prominent part in the display, and fully counted on revealing him. self to an astonished city, in the rig of a full blown Senator. His name was not found among those of the eighty-four gentlemen raised to that dignity, nor has it been consecrated in the columns of the Moniteur since. The obese Doc" tor vented his rage one day in a paragraph upon two outgoing Ministers, and was told in the Patrie of the same evening that the "Government had seen the article with surprise and regret." I am afraid that the injudicious wrath of the confidential editor has ruined him. But he deserves some extraordinary mark of esteem. He has told a great many falsehoods and done a great deal of dirty work. He ought to be made Senator, immediately. He has been bottlewasher, lickspit, tool, toady, long enough to merst promotion, and I trust he may get it, as an encouragement to others who are struggling for advancement over the same rugged and tor-

tuous path. suppression of the hulks in France, and the transportation of the convicts to Cayenne, are nearly terminated. There are at present but three establishments of this sort in France-that at Brest, containing 2,831 criminals; that of Toulon, containing 3,873, and that of Rochefort. containing 986. That of Toulon is the oldest. having been built in 1748. Before this period, coavicts were sent to Marseilles, where they were placed on board of sixteen galleys; eight of these made voyages at sea, and eight remained continually in the harbor. They were abolished in 1781. The hulks of Brest were built in 1850, by convicts brought from Toulon. Those of Rochefort were also constructed by convicts, in less than a year, in 1767. Eight brench establishments were successively created and suppressed from 1792 to 1810; those of Nice. L'Orient, Havre, Cherbourg, &c. The criminals at present inhabiting the hulks are, for the most part, condemned to labor for life, or to very long terms. They will probably experience many poignant regrets at their expatriation.

Have you heard of M. Dupin's jest upon the confiscation of the Orleans property ! It is untranslatable, and French scholars only will ap. preciate the play upon words. Speaking of this achievement of the Dictator, he said, "C'est premier vol de l'aigle." This is not only a pun. but a criticism, and a stinging one too. Thusthough the Charitari is choked, and Punch stopped at the frontiers, we have them both, in the salons and the streets. A sharp joke, a telling satire, is passed from mouth to mouth and circulated with pertinacity from one end of the city to the other. 'Charivaris in private life, and amateur Punches, supply the place of their minortal prototypes. Lithegraphy is often resorted to as a means of printing something too good to lose, but which would yet be penal if pat in type. The London Punch is kept out of the country with remarkable success. It is not to

be seen at the reading rooms. It was nominally contraband in Louis Philippe's time, but was received regularly by a lits subscribers in Paris But now, it is rare that a number crosses the line, unless buried deep in the recesses of a trunk, or hidden in the profundities of an overcoat pocket. Gentlemen that have a copy, show it gingerly to their particular friends, but hastily put it out of sight when interrupted by a stranger, or an outsider. The representations of William Tell, which has just been revived at the Grand Opers, will probably be suspended by authority. On one occasion, when the President was present, the applause following Arnold's exclamation, "Liberty, or Death!" was so general and everwhelming, that M. Bonaparte was forced to withdraw into the interior of his box. Ladies stood up, waved their handkerchiefs, and clapped their gloved hands, as they never would do unless for a pointed political allusion. I understand that the Director has received notice, that however loth the Government would be to stop the performance of Rossini's chef d'œuvre, it certainly should do it, if the manifestations of Wednesday last were ever renewed. Whether this be true or not, the palpable hit on the President is matter of universal notoriety.

Louis Napoleon is well known to be angry and discouraged at the course of events. The confiscation affair has shocked and disgusted all persons of honorable or enlightend minds, and, will contribute to his downfall more than all his other acts together. The series of balls at the Tuileries is to be discontinued, owing to the wretched failure of the first. Hundreds of invitations were returned, unopened, and the very persons whose presence was the most de. sired and courted, were the most eager to refuse. Some of their replies were positively insulting both in manner and matter. The ball was certainly not of a character to bear repetition.

That of the Minister of War, however, last

night, was vastly more successful. This was the first of a series to be given successively by all the members of the Cabinet. It took place at the Hotel of the Departments, a dancing hall, 200 feet long, having been erected in the garden. The haughty noblesse of the Faubourg St. Ger. main, honored the fete with their presence. To have attended a ball at the Tuileries, would have been an act, politically significant; a sort of tacit dhesion; while no such inference could be drawn from an acceptance of the invitation of the Minister of War. The President would have been mortified, had he been there, at the marked difference between his own guests and those of Madame St. Arnaud. The Princesse Mathilde was there, black as a thunder-cloudthreatening explosion at every moment. Her presence was the first positive assurance to many that she had not been exiled; a very prevalent rumor having convinced a portion of the public that the President had banished her. It is well known that he and she have dreadful quarrels, and that about a month ago she went down on her knees to him, beseeching him not to soil his hands by the spoliation of the House of Orleans. The cause of her wrath on this particular occasion, was said to be a refusal of the President to give some lucrative office to one of her former lovers. I think the gentleman ought to have it, just as I am in favor of making Dr. Veron a Senator. The cloud ought to be chased from the brow of the Demidoff, and if her dismissed cavalier wants a place, I hope he may get it. The Salle d'Armes was the most curious ly furnished room, open to the company. All the ornaments and fixtures were composed of the instruments and trappings of war, skilfully lier was a mass of guns, pistols, casques and swords, blended in most artistic groupings. The walls were dressed in armor, and all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" were blazoned from the ceiling to the floor. But a spirit of peace seemed to have been breathed over the guests, spite of the martial decorations and the military trophies, by which they were encompassed. The hatchet was buried leagues deep for this particular occasion. It can be dog up, however, at a moment's notice. Next week, comes in its turn, the ball of the Minister of Finance. The bare fact that the man who lives in daily communion with the budget, can make up his mind to receive company, and set the example of hilarity and unconcern, ought in itself to reassure the country, and contribute to a lively rise in the funds.

ENGLAND.

The English Press and Margaret Fuller.

The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, which were published by Bentley in London at the same time with their appearance in this country, have called forth a variety of criticisms from the English press. Many of them betray the narrow, insular prejudices, and the gross prosaic turn of mind, in which John Buil is wont to glory, while others are inspired with a high and just appreciation of the remarkable character, to which the Memoirs are devoted. We select a few passages which may be of interest to American readers :

From The Daily News.

If she had been simply a woman of immense literary acquirements, she might have fallen into the established rank of "blue stockings," or crudite "Bloomers," with Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montague and company; but she was no mere learned woman, at whom people wonder as at a learned pig; she was a passionate, romantic, eathusiastic person, with something wild and Sphilline about her. She was a daring and dazzling with declaimer in society, yet with a base of practical and sensible "knowingness" in her character. The interest we feel in her is from her being developed in so many directions. With all her scholarship and literature—with her sense and her wit—she had romantic enthusinem and a real woman's heart. Her character makes you think of her face, with its thoroughly and hopelessly plain features, yet a luminous forehead and strange piercing spiritual eyes. One is interested to see how such a woman got on in society, and related herself to a conventional and contradictory mode of life. Far, of course, she had to reconcile her worldly sagacity and practical qualities with her romantic ones, and both with the anomalies of her personal position, which necessitated her to work for money as something between a school governess and a litterature. It is a career as well worth studying as Jame Evre's. Her life If she had been simply a woman of ima school governess and a litterateur. It is a career a school governess and a litterateur. It is a career a school governess and a litterateur. as well worth studying as Jane Eyre's. Her life reads like one of Julie's letters in the "Nouvelle

Heloise."

Those who know Emerson's writings know that he is not a man likely to be "carried away," as the phrase is, by anybody or anything. He is a most calm, clear reporter of all he sees either in nature or history. And he tells us that, during ten years' friendship with Miss Fuller, he found surprise at her fine qualities ever more growing upon him. Other testimonies report to a similar effect. It was not only that the woman was no scholarly—so "well-up" in German, French, Italian, English interature—so well read in Plato and in ancient history—and a talker of great brilliance: it was also the fact, that she gained the hearts of the young so completely, that poor people and common people completely, that poor people and common people fell within the charm of her influence as much as writers and girls. Everybody saw that there was a force of personal character in her, acting not only in her literature but in her life in her conscious. writers and girls. Everybody saw that there was a force of personal character in her, acting not only in her interature, but in her life, in her opinions and sentiments. She never took to sman, pag-dogs, scandal, or geology, like so many mere "blue-stockings." She did not become sternly intolerant to young and pretty simpletons like so many more of the same school. She did not fall back on bigotry and deal theological damnation round the country, like another set of the same. She always remained passionate, loving—a woman. She was an Amazon like arother set of the same. She was an Amazon passionate, loving—a woman. She was an Amazon in warihe vigor—and let fly at scelety from her bow—but she never—like the Amazons—seared her breast that she might handle the bow better.

She visited Europe, and though up to this time she had immensely helped American culture by diffusing

through the medium of reviews and papers sound and high notions of criticism, we think the latter part of her life the most loreable and interesting. She was received here, and in Paris, by many distinguished writers of the day—very able sketches of whom will be found in her letters. But at Rome a charge took pince in her destiny. She became acquainted with the Ossoli whom she married. Rome was now be seged by the French, and her friend Mazzini was in the crisis of his heroic career. Ossoli joined the liberal party against his own family, and while he was fighting on the battlements this prave high minded woman attended to her part in the and while he was sighting on the battlements this brave high-minded woman attended to her part in the public hospitals—ministering to the wounded—doing all she could in those days of terror and agony—inspiring and alleviating wherevershe showed her face. We remember no pictures of womanly courage and goodness which surpass those of her in this latter time. For in them we see a woman not writing about Piutarch, and antique hereism, and the picty of Wordsworth, and the "mission" of women—as, indeed, she was well fitted to do—but acting in the high spirit of all that. The scholar, the critic, the transcendentalist, were all parts which she had played well in the world—but she never played them so well as she did those of the wife and mother, from the hour of Rome's agony, which she helped to alleviate, to that of her own, when she died with her husbard and child among the tempest and the rocks.

From The Globe.

The American Corinna, whose career The American Corinna, whose career and extraordinary character invest these volumes with deep and remantic interest, is comparatively unknown to the British race of readers, though De Stael herself is not held in greater estimation among Transatlantic entinesiasts. The marvelous outpourings of this high-souled and large-hearted woman, while they naturally startle a generation nursed in the conventional proprieties of European life, furnish to the psychologist curious materials for his speculative studies. When we add that Mr. Emersen and Dr. Channing, two "sone" of philohis speculative studies. When we add that Mr. Emerson and Dr. Channing, two "sons" of philosophic "thunder," have combined their forces to usher forth the female phenomenon in clouds of metaphysical majesty, we approach with proper awe this book, faunched over the waters by the two ten as the working days, and serve to employ priests and guards, to fatigue travelers and sight seers, to injure laboring and tradesmen, to amuse loungers awe this book, launched over the waters by the two
Bonnerges of Boston. But in plain truth it is not
with the semi-Bloomenism, semi-Swedenborgism of
the heroine that we have been attracted to the perusal of these pages. We dismissed the two first
volumes of the work before us with a very cursory
inspection, fully satisfied, however, that they were
brimful of highly original theories, eloquent and intrepid ulterances, and sentiments stamped with a
very strong individuality. But our concern was not
with the literary lady, but with the wife, the mother, and the woman, in which more attractive characters she appears in the third volume, a resident in
fair Italy, and more than a simple eye-witness of its
recent hour of freedom. To-day is the seventh Festa that we have had within

In Rome we had the pleasure of her acquaintanceship, and, we need not add, formed a very decisive epinion as to the vast superiority by which "She towered above her sex,"

and indeed far above the average level of our own. In all matters of general information, independent of mere book fore, ancient or cotemporary, with which she was unusually conversant, her range of thought was truly assonishing. She had warm sympathies, a thoroughly unaffected, frank and generous nature, and, with apparently blunt manners, true refinement of soul. When we come to the melancholy catastrophe which saddens the close of this narrative, overwhelming in the wild waves within sight of her native shores the mother, husband and child, the impression which her memory leaves on child, the impression which her memory leaves on all who knew her is too sorrowful and solemn to dwell on aught but the kindly and loving side of the

The records of her love for Ossoli and the frag-The records of her love for Ossoli and the frag-ments of their correspondence, which were reacued from the wreck, unfold a world of true womanly feeling, worth whole volumes of high-flown elo-quence and profound criticism, of which these pages are occasionally the depositaries. The calamity which terminates the tale of Paul and Virginia pre-sents nothing so pathetic as the last chapter of this gifted creature's history, in sight of that fatherland which longed to welcome her as one of its glories, clinging to her child and going down with the part-ner of her affection in the bosom of the deep.

Too much water hust thou had, Oobelia.

Francus O'Connor .- This gentleman, a member of Parliament and widely known as a Chartist leader, has recently betrayed unmistakable symptoms of mental derangement. We noticed among our items by the Atlantic that he had been committed to prison for a misdemeanor, and by the Africa we have an account of the circumstances of his offense. It seems that Mr. O'Connor went one evening to the Lyceum Theater, and took a seat in the first row of boxes. During the performance while the orchestra was playing, the audience were amazed at a vociferous vocal accompaniment, a clapping of hands, and a violent stampede, proceeding from Mr. O'Connor. The laughter and surprise were soon followed by an inclination to hear m of the music and less of the shouting and stamping and a very general cry of " hush, hush, put him out, rang through the house. A police agent stepped into Mr. O'Connor's box and requested him to be still, or he would be expelled from the Theater. Mr. O'Connor replied by a blow of the fist in the face of the policeman, who immediately arrested him and brought him to the Police office in Bow-st. On the way he offered the officer one and two shillings if he would let him go, and promised to have him made Police Inspector. But the officer was ob durate, and entered a complaint against him. Mr' O'Connor gave bonds to appear before the magistrate on the following morning. Upon being released he made his way back to the Theater and his money was returned. On the Monday he appeared at Bow-st., made no defense, and was contenced to a week's imprisonment.

Upon this judgment Mr. Reynolds, also known as Chartist soitator, stated to the Magistrate that it had been long evident to himself and to other intimate friends of Mr. O'Connor that that gentleman was decidedly insane, and suggested that the sentexce should be commuted. But the Judge was infexible. The clear testimony of three witnesses, he said, left him no discretion : the visiting Justices of the Prison were the proper persons to consult upon the question of insanity. Mr. Reynolds sugrested a fine, but the Justice said that a fine was not the put ishment consistent with the position of the offender, and that the ends of the law would not be attained by such an example. Mr. O'Connor must go to prison. "In the prison van?" inquired Mr. Reynolds. "Most certainly, with the other prisoners," replied the Magistrate; and when that carringe arrived, a large crowd assembled to see the honorable member, who was the first to enter the

honorable member, who was the list Land Com-vehicle.

It appears that in the case of his late Land Com-pany Mr. O'Connor had shown symptoms of aber-ration, and upon his grrival at the prisen it was con-sidered the wisest and safest course to place him under the care of the surgeon of the establishment.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

A RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION .-- In Finmarck, which is the remotest northern region of Norway almost lost in Arctic snows, a revolution is now raging, which, although purely religious, is attended with all the disastrous eigenmetences of political troubles. The inhabitants of this desolate region, persuaded by Missionaries of some sect whose teneti have not transpired, have repudiated Christianity and especially the seventh Commandment, banishe the Priests, and now adopt the doctrines of the Miscontries, who profess to have received them directly from Heaven.

The Bishop of Drontheim, in whose diocese Fin. marck is situated, immediately upon receipt of the intelligence, dispatched two of his clergy to the scene of excitement, who were instructed to show the inhabitants into what errors they had fallen. These gentlemen arrived, and found that the report was less startling than the actual state of things Universal dejection reigned in Flamarck, labor was abandoned, the Churches were deserted and the Pastors driven away. In the streets and in the houses men, women and children lay upon the ground, with their garments torn, their heads strewn with askes and bitterly lamenting that until then they had lived in a false faith, ignoring the true God and meriting eternal suffering. The ecclesiastics dispatched by the Bishop apprised him that the fanaticism was so obstinate and the confusion so profound and universal that they saw no other means of preserving the peace of the country and saving the inhabitants from their own fury, than the inter vegtion of the military power. In consequence of these representations, the Governor of Drontheim has dispatched a high officer of Police and an armed force to Finmarck. The result of the movement is

EXPLOSION OF A POWDER MAGAZINE .-We find the following account of a recent terrible explosion in Stockholm :

The shocks were so violent that they shook the earth; and in several streets broke the windows, threw open doors, or cast them off their hinges; while in others pedestrians, and even horses were thrown down. The population at first thought there was an earthquake, and rushed to the public squares and open places. The terror only ceased when it was anneunced by placards that the powder magazine had blown up. The magazine was the largest in all Sweden, and was situated at half a league from the capital. All that remains of it are some little heaps of ruins. The fo est of Liddoe, near which it stood, was ravaged; trees of several centuries' growth and large size were torn up, and hurled several hundred yards. A great quantity of the ruins of the magazine fell on the Lake of Liddoe, and broke the ice. Some portions of the ruins were found at a distance of two leagues. In the villages of Liddingston, Liddingsborg, and others, situated beyond the lake, and at a const derable distance from the scene of the disaster, the windows were broken, and looking glasses, pictures, and other objects hanging to the walls, were thrown down; while in some houses the walls were damaged. The powder magazine consisted of four vast buildings, arranged nearly in the form of a cross. It is thought that there were four successive explosions, proceeding from west to east. Forunately at the time of the catasly in the form of a cross. It is thought that there were four successive explosions, proceeding from west to east. For unately at the time of the catastrophe almost all the workmen had gone to dinner. Nevertheless, it is calculated that more than 60 persons perished. From a report to the Minister of War by the director of the magazine, it appears the magazine contained about 28 500h of powder. The loss, not including the value of the buildings, is estimated at 115,600 crowns-638 600f. It appears that the disaster was caused by criminals. The police discovered in a hole in the earth near the magazine several bundles of chemical matches, a hatchet, a file, and a hammer; and two liberated convicts, named Duniels and Pehrson, had been seen hanging about a little before.

ITALY.

Roman Festivals-A Painter's Vexations in Rome. Rome, Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1852.

In Rome the Festas come nearly as of-

and love-makers and to bore sculptors and painters.

two weeks. It is called Epefania, and is a kind of

Santa Claus day, and last night that jolly old fellow was pirouetting about, loaded down with wax-dolls and young regimentals, pastry fixins and sugar doins, descending chimneys, filling stockings, amusing himself and pleasing the children in just the same way that he is went to do on Christmas eves, in our own younger land. A section of the town, called St. Eustaccio, has exhibited for the last fortnight signs Eustaccio, has exhibited for the last fortnight signs of the approaching gala day, displaying from booths erected for the occasion, and from windows and doorways, all sorts of toys and trinkets, sweets and confectioneries, creating a general commotion among the Roman juveniles. It you like, we will take a very early walk into this same part and see Romans acting precisely the same parts and talking precisely the same words that they have acted and talked once a year for at least a century, and which they will continue to act and talk for a century to come. This morning—that is to say, 'tis past midnight, but the shops are open and filled with customers; the streets are well lighted, (with olive oil.) and in the vicinity of St. Eustaccio, are thronged as at mid-day. cone. This morning—that is to say, 'tis past midnight, but the shops are open and filled with customers; the streets are well lighted, (with olive oil,) and in the vicinity of St. Eustaccio, are thronged as at mid-day. The more quiet and the younger portions of the population, having spent their money and the forepart of the night in preparing for this great day of gifts, are going home to get a little sleep before commencing church ceremonies and visitings. As we pass along, the theaters are clessing and their companies are moving in crowds toward the place of this fair. As we near this great center of attraction our ears are saluted with such a complication of discordant sounds as we have never heard before, and compared to which the confused noises of a camp meeting, in full blast, are the softest tones of an Echian harp. We keep down the narrow streat in the direction of the hubbub, turn into the plazza, and at once emerge among the most motley crowd that ever met together since a year ago to-day. We see old men and maidens, young men and children, and even those that stoop with age, of all nations and cenditions, of all politics and religions. The beggar justles the prince, the man the master, the mand the mistress. All are equally great, equally gay, and equally childish. Here are Europeans, Asiatics, Africans and Americans, of all colors and sizes, of all professions and of no professians at all; artists and mechanics, merchanis and lawyers, priests and soldiers, with all sorts of musical instruments and instruments not musical, trumpets, drums and fiddless, tin horns, brass horns, and horn horns; tambourines with heads and tambourines without heads; whistles, pipes and bugles; and each one that blows, exerts himself to blow louder and more discordant than all the rest, and every one that jingles, strives to outjugle all finglers, and he or she who neither blows nor jingles, wants to give the crowd and Rome in general to understand that his or her pair of large are stronger, and can send forth more hideo

thousand of these same broad-brimmed, straightrobed apostolic comforters serve to administer food
spiritual to this Eternal City. But these modes antique do not extend to all classes of Romans: on
the contrary, the belies and beaux are as ardent worshipers at the shrine of Fashion as the most fastidious New-York devotees, any change of modes
Parisian being known as quickly in the Corso or the Parisian being known as quickly in the Corso or the Via Babnino as in Broadway. From 12 till 2 o'clock of Festa days, these two streets are crowded with rustling silks and sparkling jewels, with fancy-topped canes and gummy mustaches, of the latest styles; each wearer observing what the others are wearing, and wondering where the devil they got the meney to buy it. That Festas impede the course of business makes no difference with these dead alive Italians, and even by those most injured, it is considered all right to spend half their time in celebrating the birth-days of departed saints, and should Popes go on canonizing until every day in the year was a saint's day, it would not seriously interfere with the habits of industry of the majority of Romans, and their city would continue to advance as at present, Irish fashion or backward.

I saw at St. Peter's last summer the ceremonies of commencing one of these celebration days. The subject for canonization was a man who had among the regroes of Africa wrought many most wondrous miracles, the veracity of which we were not permitted to doubly, even if we had the inclination, which of course we had not. That Festas serve to bore artists, we have before said. While all around are idling or jollifying, the scusptor dabs away as his clay with about the same interest and feelings that the Yankee bey hoes corn on Independence and general muster days. The painter, who is usually more rensitive and nervous than most men, is particularly annoyed by these frequent interloping file days. If see in the morning cool and collected, eats his

eral muster days. The painter, who is usually more rensitive and nervous than most men, is particularly annoyed by these frequent interloping fete days. He rises in the morning cool and collected, eats his bread and coffee quietly, goes to his studio regularly, makes up his palette composedly, brushes the dust off his picture, wonders why the model do n't come, (who usually comes at eight and it is now mine,) whistles Yankee Deodle or Jim along Josey till halfpast time, concludes the model is sick and can't come, but that he will work on his landscapes. He commences work, finds that he lacks a color, and starts for the shop, slightly excited, to get it. The shop is closed. He wonders why. He looks up and down the street at the passengers and at the other shops, and discovers to his horror that this a Festa. Standing a moment in doubt, he boits to his friend's to borrow, discovers on the way that he is heated and that the sirecco is blowing; is met at the dowr by "gone to the country for the day." Feeling desperate and savage, he flies home again, snatches up his stool and sketch book, trips up his easel, smashes the head of his mannikin, sicks his dog end over end, bargs the door after him, and is off for the country, cursing Festas, models, color-shops, sirocces, and everything else within forty miles of Rome, and wishing every priest in Christendom into the middle of next Fourth o' July.

TURKEY.

Kossuth-Feeling of the Turks toward Amorica-the Hoty Sepulcher.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune CONSTANTINOPLE, Saturday, January 17, 1852.

The reception given by the people of New York to the late guest of the Sultan, Louis Kossuth has deeply impressed the Turks in general, and gratified the Ottoman Government, by raising the refection that its own course toward him when within its dominions was as generous and liberal as it was. The Sultan seems aware that he has won, and yet possesses, the strongest commendation of the more civilized and liberal portion of mankind, by the protection which he gave to the Hungarians who fied from their own country to seek shelter and pro-tection in his. The papers of this place have just published extracts from the speeches of Komuth in England, wherein he gave credit to the Fuls an for his liberality to his extled countrymen ar a to himself, and declares that the Sultan will always find a grateful friend and advocate in him : also others from the President's Message respecting the

Sultan's Agent and the result of the official inter cession of the Government of the United St with the Sultan in favor of the refugees of Kutahla The hind language used in New-York in speaking of the Sultan,—even though he was spoken of as the "Turkish infidel,"—appears to be very min-factory to the Turks, and it is believed that they all feel no small degree of gratification with the highly honorable reception given in the United States to their late prisoner-guest. Yet a strict silence is pursued with regard to the effect this has, or may herafter have upon the politics of Europe, or the probable fate of Hungary. Of the two papers published here, both in French, the Courrier de Constantinople is the liberal and the independent journal. It is not very ably edited, and is crippled by want of means. The two papers receive each a sum from the Sultan's Treasury for their support, but that of the Courrier is less than that of the Journal. This latter paper is far from being on the liberal side, and advocates none of the reforming measures of the day. It has generally given the darker side of all that concerns Hungary, and is supposed to be in the pay of Austria. The Journal is also the official organ of the Sublime Porte, and consequently more importance is generally attached to its articles than to those of the Courrier.

The affair of the Holy Sepulcher for the present is quiet. The autograph letter of the Emperor of Russia to the Sultan, containing a sivil threat, has frightened the Turks excessively, and they pray that Louis Napoleon may find employment for his mental energies on some less favored part of the world than Palestine. It is believed that the Greeks have the est right to the custody of the Sepulcher, by priority of possession, and by the great length of time which of possession, and by no global property and they have held it. The Catholics—not France—only had it by conquest during the Crusades, and secured it by treaty in 1741, at a moment when the mercenary Turks had more need of France than Russia. One thing is certain, that nothing will ever deprive she Greeks of the custody of it but force, and this the Emperor of Russia, as protector and patron of the Greek Church, in all the East, never will permit. To abandon them would be to forsake forever the fruits of long years of intrigue, and millions of money spent to gain, in his favor, the Greek clergy. Though the question now slumbers, it may, in the hands of Louis Napoleon, awaken to give rise to a new Crusade in our own times.

From Jamaica.-We have dates from Kingstoff to Feb. 12. The news is unimportant. A new tariff bill has passed the House of Assembly. The bill has been engrossed, but has not yet become law. The following are its principal provisions:

land. The agricultural interests have not materially recovered from their depression.

FROM COSTA RICA .- The President has fully approved of the commercial treaty between that Republic and the United States. Congress has passed acts for the establishment of several charitable institutions, and the settlement of ecclesiastical tithes. A project of organic law for the administration of justice, has been discussed and veted.

Mail Gleanings, &c.

L. A. Hine in a letter from Norwall. O., to The Cincinnati Nonpareil, complains that the eight counties in the Western Reserve are suffering from the effects of Land Monopoly. Connecticut sold these reserved lands to capitalists, for a school fund, &c., at an average price of 20 cents per acre, and the purchasers charged the pioneers who settled the country \$5 per acre. Many lots were settled on credit, cleared but never paid for, and the specu. lators took back the farms in many cases, and sold them for ten, afteen, and twenty dollars per acre .-Some whole townships were purchased by single individuals, and these townships are a quarter of a century behind other townships in everything pleasant and excellent.

While Calvin Fairbank, has been convicted at Louisville, Ky., of stealing negroes, and been sentenced to an imprisonment of fifteen years ; George Alberti, for stealing a free negro, and selling him into slavery, got ten years : and this was regarded as monstrous by some, says The Philadelphia News, while Gov. Bigler thought eigtheen months too long a period of imprisonment! Was George of

Messra. Conant and Maginnis, Professors in the Rochester Theological Seminary, have published a long statement of their negotia tions for the purchase of Neander's Library, enirely exculpating Dr. Twesten, whom they consider to have been very unjustly criticised in the matter. Dr. T. was the agent of the Seminary in Berlin, and has been accused of unfairness toward the other bidders for the Library.

The last number of The Cherokee Advocate gives the substance of the President's Message in werse, after the manner of the singing-geog-raphy, adapted to the tune of "The Winding Way." The editor states that these documents are apt to be prosy, and he "has employed a competent poet for the accommodation of that large portion of the publi which is horrified at these annual inflictions in their

usual shape." The value of all the milk sold in Massachusetts for the year ending June 1, 1850, was \$276,887. Dedham is the largest town in the "milky way," having sold \$45,000 worth. The above does not include the milk made into butter and cheese.

Madame Fanny Wright, (formerly Madame D'Arusmont,) met with a severe accident few days since, at her residence on Seventh st., between John and Mount-sts, Cincinnati. While

walking in the yard she slipped and broke her leg. Three hundred prisoners in the State Prison at Charlestown have petitioned the Legislature to pass the Maine Liquor Law. There are now 492 convicts in the institution. Upward of fifty convicts in the New-York prisons had always been total

In the Southern portion of Arkansas, near a mountain of iron, a mountain of emery or corondum has been discovered, equal, if not saperior, to the Russian emery. In Russian emery, rubies are found; and that in Arkansas is of the

same components. The Legislatures of New-Hamp. shire, Florida, Rhode Island, Vermont, Alabar and other States have recommended the establish-

ment of an Agricultural Bureau by Congress. Cassius M. Clay was to speak on

Hungarian Independence, at Frankfort, Ky., on the The expenses of taking the Seventh

Census will amount to \$1,500,000, exclusive of the printing, which is yet to be ordered by Congress. Two thousand five hundred and fifty-

four marriage licenses were issued in Hamilton County, Ohio, during the year 1851. There are Mass Meetings held in various parts of Pennsylvania to promote the pas-

sage of the Maine Law. February 25th completed the one hundred and fourteenth day of continued good

sleighing at St. Albans, Vermont. We note some skirmishing with the Indians in Plorida. Report says that Judge Pliny Mer-

rick, of the Massachusetts Common Pleas, is to be appointed Attorney General.

Chief Justice Wells, of the Mass.

common Pleas, is recovering. Hon. John Dickson ex M. C. of

West Bloomfield, Ontario Co , died on the 22d ult.